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Climbing Higher and Higher. Towns En Route.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., MAR. 25, '90.

DEAR INTERIOR.—I am spending a day or so here on my way to Banning, 30 miles east, on the Southern Pacific. Although I had gained some flesh and improved a little in health, I concluded that Pasadena isn't high and dry enough to give me entire relief, being only about 800 feet above sea level, with occasional fog and heavy dews, while Banning is 3,250 feet and on the verge of the Colorado desert, and is said to be almost entirely free from any dampness whatever.

San Bernardino is perhaps the fourth town in size in Southern California, claiming 6,000 inhabitants. It is situated near the mountains of the same name, and is immediately on the Santa Fe road and only two miles from the Southern Pacific, with which it is connected by the California Southern and a dummy line. Business is dull, except in the liquor traffic, which is brisk enough. There are no less than 17 saloons in the limits of the town, and, of course, a great deal of drinking is done. The Stewart, one of the largest and finest hotels in this section, is located here. It is a splendid brick building, of handsome design, and must have cost an immense amount of money. A little too big for the place, I should think. Sa Ber'dino, as it is usually called, hasn't many pretty residences and avenues and fine orchards like most towns I have visited. In fact, it is not near so desirable a place to live, as the wind blows very hard and sand storms are of frequent occurrence. Redlands, a new town 8 or 10 miles distant, is enjoying a little boom just now. The land is said to be especially adapted to orange culture and good for all other fruits. But you can't "always sometimes tell" about those things without investigating.

I hated very much to leave Pasadena, not only because it is such a pretty and pleasant place, but the people are so kind and sociable, they made me feel almost at home. I became very much attached to the old gentleman and lady with whom I boarded, and their daughter's family and I believe they were really sorry to see me leave. The old gentleman said to me as I told him good-bye: "We'll be really lonesome without you." He is one of the most pious men I ever knew, and is never happier than when reading the Bible or some other good book. The old lady, tho' very religious, is not so fond of books, but takes great delight in newspapers, and seemed to enjoy my letters in the INTERIOR JOURNAL. Hope I'll be so fortunate as to meet them again some day.

I stopped off awhile at Pomona to see how things look there. Found quite a pretty town of some 3,000 or 4,000 inhabitants. It is a considerable fruit-growing place, and there are some splendid orchards in its vicinity. Pomona had a very creditable display at the Citrus Fair at Los Angeles, perhaps second to none but that of Riverside. The town is situated near the center of the valley, about half way between here and Pasadena, with snow-covered mountains on the north and those on the south as green as grass can make them. It is beautifully laid out, with wide and shaded avenues, and if the boom had continued a year longer, would have been a big place, no doubt. The land is rich and well adapted to the raising of citrus fruits as well as all other kinds, and Pomona will come to the front again, I'm sure, but she'll never come up to Pasadena. I haven't seen any place yet that does.

Cloudy weather has prevailed during most of the last week, and rain fell one day, but it has not unpleasantly cool. Much more rain falls in Southern California during late years than ten years ago. It comes later in spring and earlier in the fall. No doubt when the country is thickly settled and fruit and shade trees are planted everywhere, it will be almost as agreeable here as in the East. Orchardists prefer not to have rain from April to December, as it injures the quality of their fruits. They are well fixed for irrigating and can water their crops just when they need it, and use only the amount necessary.

T. R. WALTON.

WAYNESBURG.

—A girl at C. A. Smith's and a boy at G. A. Singleton's are the latest additions to our population.

—At Frank Steele's sale, the 26th ult., nearly everything sold high. A very common milk cow brought \$25.

—J. M. Delany, of Modesto, Ill., who came to Kentucky and bought some fox dogs, had them stolen from him at Indianapolis, Ind., on his return home.

—Prof. Frye has returned from Lebanon, Ohio, and is again in the school room after a week of vacation. He is an excellent teacher and will be employed to teach the fall term here.

—Mrs. Dr. Garrettson fell down stairs, injuring herself considerably, from which she suffered greatly for a few days, but is improving now and her friends hope to see her fully restored in a short time.

—Gov. Hill, of New York, vetoed the Saxton ballot reform bill.

CRAB ORCHARD.

—"Uncle" George Parrish, whose eyesight was seriously impaired during the war, has at last been allowed a pension.

—Mr. J. H. Hilton has removed his family to Brodhead and Mr. Mat Holman has rented the property vacated by him.

—Miss Mary V. Carpenter, of Hustonville, whose skill as an artist is apparent to all who have seen the splendid paintings on exhibition at J. R. Bailey's, has been engaged by Mrs. J. H. Tucker to give her daughter, Miss Maggie, a special course in art at her country home.

—After everybody had gone to bed in town Sunday night some ranting, roaring, rollicking blades amused themselves at taking off gates, unhinging cellar doors and doing other wanton tricks to the annoyance and trouble of a number of citizens. It may have been fun for the boys as a sort of April fool caper, but the old duffers didn't relish it a bit and they are keeping their ears picked to get a clue at the mischiefdoers.

—Dr. John S. Cooper returned from Louisville Sunday, thereby dispelling the apprehensions of his wife and friends, who feared that the tornado had not left him unhurt. He was stopping at the Louisville Hotel, which escaped the terrible ruin visited upon other portions of the city, and was among the thousands who went over the devastated district the next morning. His description of the cyclone, its desolating ravages and attendant horrors is truly heart-wrenching.

—The old style of beginning a letter—"I seat myself to drop you a few lines, &c.," so universally in vogue 30 years ago, is hardly ever met with now in letter-writing, even of the most ordinary kind. That roundabout method of coming at the theme or subject matter of the epistle is struck out and the writer hits off his thought in a direct manner that pleases the genius of the progressive eye. Yet a few days ago a friend of ours received a letter of importance beginning in the ancient style and after perusing it in our hearing he created no little laughter in us by exclaiming: "D—n if I care whether you were sittin' down or standin' up or crawlin' about on your all fours, so the information's all right."

—J. E. Holdam is in the city buying spring goods. Misses Sallie Green and Ida Pettus are visiting relatives in Danville. Mrs. T. A. Gresham is down from Pittsburg spending a few days with her father, Mr. Reese Ward. Mrs. Sallie A. Higgins, accompanied by her two handsome grand daughters, Misses Jean and Eva Buchanan, is visiting her son, Mr. Stephen Burch, below Stanford. Miss Lisle Douglas, of Danville, and Miss Julia Douglas, of Stanford, are the guests of Mrs. H. B. Farris, on Springs Avenue. Col. J. W. Guest, of Danville, has been in this vicinity for the past few days making social with his many friends. Mrs. Sallie Rhineheart has returned to her mountain home. Miss Fannie Coulter, of Parksville, is spending a week with Miss Mary Curtis at her country home.

HUMBLE.—Mrs. C. R. Harris has returned from a visit to her father-in-law's and seems quite cheerful after having to undergo so much trouble. Through great respect for her departed one we extend our sympathy and best wishes that she may overcome all her trials. Editor Marris passed here to-day with his plunder and printing outfit to start a paper at Lancaster as has been spoken of. Miss Mary Hubble is visiting Miss Allie Hubble. W. M. Greener has purchased a sorrel horse of Bob Snow for \$100. James McCauley's gray horse broke his leg while running in the lot and had to be killed. Virgil McClure, representing the Transylvania Printing Co., of Lexington, gave us a hasty trip through here last week. James Engleman is talking of moving to Mrs. C. R. Harris' to live and assist his sister, John Daugherty, who left here about a year ago for shooting in a house and crippling a woman, came in Tuesday night and stole his wife and baby and left again. The turnpike question is agitating the people in the Carman settlement. Boys, you surely need some way to get out occasionally. W. M. Greener has moved to Bud Cox's to board. Spencer Hubble had two very fine pigs stolen from his lot one night last week and he is on the lookout for pork now. G. P. Bright's mule team ran away Tuesday, but did but little damage. G. A. Swinebroad returned from Tennessee quite sick, but is some better now. He lost a fine mule this week from distemper. L. G. Hubble is having his houses near the store finished up. Miss Virgie White is having a good school at Bright's. Misses Lou and Jennie Bright having rented a boarding-house at Middlesboro, talk of going soon to start up business. This may be called egg town now as about three cases are bought here every day. We are always glad to get the INTERIOR as it gives all the news far and near and of such value that the public cannot afford to live without it in their homes. Bro. Montgomery will preach at Bright's school-house Sunday night.

—John Ewan has been appointed superintendent of the Monon.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

—Bills to amend the charters of Rowland and Crab Orchard passed the House.

—A charter for a railroad from Fordville, Ohio county, to Cumberland Gap has been presented in the House.

—The House adopted a resolution appropriating \$30,000 for the benefit of the tornado sufferers, or so much thereof as may be needed.

—In Kentucky the legislators get \$5 per diem so long as the session lasts. It will close when the farmers feel it necessary to go home for the summer work.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Senator Breckinridge presented and had passed an act to reduce into one the acts in relation to the city of Lancaster, and to repeal the present charter thereof. The same body passed a House bill prohibiting the sale of liquors in districts 3 and 5, in Garrard county.

—An act authorizing Whitley county to levy an ad valorem tax of 25 cents on each \$100 and a poll tax of \$1 for as many years as may be necessary to erect bridges in that county over the Cumberland river, Clear Fork river and Jellico creek, was presented to the House.

—The Constitutional Convention question that everybody thought was disposed of, has been opened afresh by the adoption of a motion in the House to reconsider. It seems that the two Houses passed different bills and that a conference will be necessary to fix up the matter.

—Gov. Buckner vetoed two bills making men out of minors and allowing them to vote. He also vetoed the bill incorporating the Central Electric Company, of Lexington, and the Lexington and Richmond Railway Company, for the reason that the powers given are too general, and the protection to stockholders not sufficient, besides the former bill gives exclusive privileges to the company for furnishing electric light and motor power perpetually.

—Gen. Lyon and the two other commissioners of the Eddyville penitentiary, are asking the legislature for an allowance and say: "There were disbursed under these commissioners the sum of \$284,000, upon which sum they think they are entitled to a compensation of 5 per cent. They think that in any event they should be allowed at the least \$1,000 each per year for the four years, or \$4,000 each for the time served."

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

—Mr. J. A. Dudderar lost a fine horse this week.

—A. F. Moberly sold M. Smith Baughman a gelding for \$135.

—Jones Bros. bought of J. W. Adams 56 70-pound shoats at 34 cents.

—W. T. Smith bought of Warner, of Missouri, a bay gelding for \$125.

—G. A. Lackey, Jr., bought of W. P. Grimes a harness horse for \$135.

—J. E. Farris sold to Dr. P. W. Logan his fine jack, Steve Walker, for \$425.

—Extra seed corn for sale at 75 cents a bushel. Thornton Porter, Stanford.

—G. H. Perkin sold to W. H. Traylor 8 shoats weighing 125 pounds at \$3.20.

—J. H. Tucker sold to a Marion county party a combined 3-year-old mare for \$200.

—Hall Anderson bought of J. E. Hays, of Bell county, a pair of work mules for \$235.

—C. M. Spoonamore sold to Thompson, of Garrard, 30 nice hogs, to be delivered 1st of May, at 3¢.

—Minneapolis has 24 flour mills, and they make nearly 40,000 barrels of flour per day. One makes 7,200.

—Elijah Beazley has sold his 3-year-old stallion, Silver Prince, by Silver King, to Fox, of Clark, for \$500.

—W. A. Caldwell has sold to J. K. Baughman a three-year-old jack by Liberty for \$800.—Danville Advocate.

—Joshua Hill sold 165 acres of land near Lexington, on the Bryant Station pike, to B. Magoffin, at \$212 per acre.

—W. H. Adams, of Madison, bought of East End parties a lot of brood mares at \$100 to \$160 and of John Anderson a pair of work mules for \$310.

—Glendower, which cost V. C. Cromwell \$10,000, died on his place near Lexington last week of spinal meningitis. He was by Guy Wilkes and had his book full for the season at \$100.

—Joe Coffey bought of William Cloyd, of Casey, 21 head good 2-year-old heifers and steers at 3 cents. Mr. Coffey also bought of Harve McAninch, of the same county, a lot of fat cattle at 3 cents.

—The Cincinnati cattle market is quiet with best shippers at 4½; good to choice butchers 4 to 4.35; feeders 3½ to 4; hogs are dragging at 3½ to 4.30; sheep firm at 3 to 5½; spring lambs 8 to 10 cents.

—A large crowd attended Clark Cash's sale Tuesday and satisfactory prices were realized for everything, but on household and kitchen furniture and farming implements fancy prices were received. Six yearling heifers sold at 3 cts.; calves \$8 to \$9; milk cows \$20 to \$35; brood mares \$40 to \$125; young stallion \$275; horse colts \$40 to \$52; work mules \$110 and \$127; corn in crib \$2.25 per barrel; oats 30 cents per bushel; hay 23 to 25 cts per cwt.

DEATHS' DOINGS.

—Phil Judge, for 30 years manager of the Louisville Hotel, died Tuesday.

—Wm. Ham, 82; Josiah Davis, 60, and Harvey Parrish, 60, died this week in Madison county.

—Rev. G. A. Weeks, for 19 years rector of the St. Peter's Episcopal church, Paris, died Monday.

—Mrs. Jennie Dunlap Blain, wife of R. C. Blain, died at her home near Williamstown, on the 30th, of consumption. Those who knew her speak in high praise of her beautiful character and devout christian life.

—A telegram received by Mr. Mack Huffman, Tuesday, informed him of the death of his brother, Dr. Thomas M. Huffman, of Peabody, Kansas, which occurred at Kansas City, where he had gone for medical treatment. He had suffered for years with a liver trouble and his lungs were affected. Dr. Huffman was a son of Dr. A. G. Huffman by his first wife, who was a daughter of the late Dickie Lee, and was born in this county Nov. 13, 1842. His father, two brothers, Messrs. Mack Huffman, of this place, and R. E. Huffman, of Montana, and one sister, Mrs. R. L. Cochran, of Peabody, survive him. He was twice married, the first time to a daughter of Mr. Samuel Hardin, of Crab Orchard, who lived only a few weeks. His last wife, who with one child survives him, was Miss Lizzie Campbell, of Peabody. Dr. Huffman was a member of the Presbyterian Church and stood very highly in the estimation of the people of his native State. He was connected with the banking business in Peabody, where he developed much business capacity. Dr. Huffman was a graduate of the Louisville Medical College and practiced his profession for several years here, and in Missouri before settling at Peabody. The remains were taken there for interment. The relatives and friends in Kentucky send warmest sympathy to the grief-stricken ones in Kansas, especially to the aged father, now tottering on the verge of the grave, and the loving wife and daughter, upon whom the loss falls so heavily. God grant them consolation and a final reunion in the land that is fairer than day.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—The Jews are preparing to build a \$9,000 synagogue at Henderson.

—The Presbytery of the Southern Church is in session this week in Lebanon.

—The Methodist church choir is preparing for an extra song service for Easter. Miss Pegan, the vocal music teacher in the Millersburg College, will assist, and a real feast of harmony is assured.

—The name of the Methodist minister at Eureka, Kan., is Ananias. The name may not be appropriate in this case, but we have seen some that could wear it with credit, or discredit rather.

—The churches fared badly from the tornado at Louisville. Those ruined are St. John's Episcopal, St. Patrick's Catholic, church and convent of the Sacred Heart and a colored Methodist Episcopal church on Twelfth street. The roof and steeple of the Third Presbyterian church were blown away.

—The Methodist Church stands at the head of the five great denominations in the contributions to foreign missions. The amounts contributed last year were: Methodist Episcopal Church, \$877,527; Presbyterian Church, North, \$852,815; Congregationalists, \$655,111; Baptists, \$398,145; Episcopal Church, \$159,149.

Yesterday was a sad Palm Sunday in Louisville. It will long be remembered in our annals as a day of funerals. From dozens of churches and scores of private residence the sad corteges were started on their journeys to the cemeteries. Not only all the hearses and carriages in the city were in use, but all of those in New Albany and Jeffersonville were brought into requisition. From 9 o'clock in the morning until nightfall the solemn processions were hurrying to and fro. From the house of mourning to the grave the tired horses traveled. There was so much to be done that funerals went to graveyards on a trot, and hearses returned for another load as fast as they could be driven. It was a sad and impressive sight. Pray God Louisville will never see such another.—Louisville Post.

—Mrs. Dudley sold her tract of land of 30 acres lying opposite Mrs. Goodloe's at Lexington, to a syndicate, for \$1,000 an acre.

—The Advocate says that the committee succeeded in inducing the State board of equalization to reduce the assessor's returns of Boyle county 15 per cent.

—A dispatch from the wheat growing portion of Indiana says the late frosts were a blessing as it killed myriads of "the fly" with which the wheat was infested. The crop is putting forth finely and the fields will soon be as verdant as ever.

—Two months ago the indications were that farmers would get an early start with their spring work, but the 1st of April is here and but little or nothing has been done. No oats sown and but little plowing has been done. The sowing of tobacco beds will be late.—Georgetown Times.

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W. P. WALTON.

SIX PAGES.

TOM CARDWELL, of Harrodsburg, is another one of the fellows that thought he had the "cinch" on the postoffice and failing to get it is making "treasonable" utterances against the Cheap John Clothing Man at the head of the post-office department. He says that the endorsement of one clothing firm at Harrodsburg, who buys goods at Wanamaker's store, had more influence with him than the backing he had of every prominent republican in Kentucky, every republican member of the legislature, every court official in Mercer county, every justice of the peace of that county, but one, every member of the board of trustees of the town, every business firm in Harrodsburg but one, and the endorsement of 2,700 patrons of the office, the Congressmen from Kentucky and a slight sprinkle of Congressmen from Ohio. Mr. Cardwell adds that "Wanamaker has got to advertise his business, and if he does it by appointing postmaster at the expense of the public, I can't and won't kick." If this isn't kicking we can't name it and it is all very amusing to those who are out of the fight. Mr. C., however, shows the proper and the gentlemanly spirit when he says: "I have no doubt Miss Smedley will make a good postmaster and if it is in my power to aid her in any way, I will most cheerfully do so. I don't blame her for getting the appointment at all."

LOUISVILLE is pushing right ahead. The debris is fast being removed and in many instances re-building is rapidly progressing. The sufferers are cheerful and brave-hearted and have gone to work with a will to retrieve their lost homes and fortunes. More than \$100,000 have been raised in the city for the needy. The Courier-Journal says: "Personal wants are first supplied; next the lost household necessities are provided, and now the relief committee is devising ways and means for repairing houses damaged in the storm. The committee reports in many instances a reluctance to make known wants and in other instances a willingness to accept no material assistance. It is a strange statement to come from a relief committee, that it must devise some method to reach those who need assistance and are entitled to it, but who refuse to communicate with the authorities." The list of killed grows less rather than larger on fuller investigation and the people are congratulating themselves that while the situation is bad enough, it might have been a great deal worse.

ALL the type on the Courier-Journal save the head and display lines, are set by machines called linotypes. They are operated like a type writer and some of the operators are getting remarkably expert. In one week Lee Reilly set 308,300 ems or over 60 columns of solid minion. This was all done in 73 hours, an average of four and one fifth thousand per hour. In eight consecutive hours he set 40,000 ems, which is faster than the average reporter can furnish copy. The operators are paid at the rate of 20 cents per 1,000 ems and his bill for the week is \$61.66. The average compositor, by the old method, sets less than 10,000 ems in a day.

THE democrats of Danville have nominated a cracking good board of councilmen. They are: First ward, Jackson Davis, Peter Gilcher; second ward, J. B. Walton, James S. Chrisman; third ward, C. R. Anderson, Tim Murphy; fourth ward, B. J. Durban, William Cheek; fifth ward, B. O. Rodes, J. L. Allen, sixth ward, W. H. Harris, H. G. Sandifer. Danville has been under republican rule long enough and we are glad to know that she intends to elect these gentlemen and change the order of things.

THE republican tariff bill, which they will make a feat at passing, is a wonderful concern, constructed with the view of pulling the wool over the eyes of the farmers and those who get none of the benefits of the tariff. It will help the tax-ridden country greatly to be relieved by removing the duties on diamonds, pearls, birds' eggs, old coin and human hair and maintaining or increasing them on the common people's necessities.

THE Senate by a vote of 42 to 12 has passed the dependent pension bill which will add millions and millions more to the sum now poured out to the soldiers. If it went to those honorably entitled to it instead of as well to the coffee cooler, bounty jumper and deserter, the rest of the country would not have so much ground to kick against the profligacy in the bestowing of pensions.

THE court of claims has come to the rescue of the Congressmen who lost by the Silcott defalcation and decided that the government must make good the loss. This saves the body from having to decide the matter itself, which it would have done in the same way, though many would have disliked to have gone on record as advocating it.

THE Owensboro Messenger is moved to remark, after sounding its own praises about securing the support of its senator and representative for the advertising bill, "In a nut-shell, the reason the bill didn't pass was that those interested in it didn't work for it. The Kentucky press is possessed of more than its share of indolence." This may be true, but it does not apply to us. Not only were our senator and representative for the bill, but every democratic representative in this immediate section. These are all that we may be said to have had any, if any, claims upon, and although we made one trip to Frankfort to see after the bill, we had no intention of trying to lobby for it. Its merits show on its face and if a stupid legislature cannot see them, we are not responsible for their lack of brains.

It is not true, as at first reported, that the tornado lifted a steamboat out of the Ohio river at Louisville and landed it bodily half a mile back of Jeffersonville, but it is stated as an absolute truth that a 75-pound iron ball, which was on top of Hart's hardware house in Louisville, was blown over to the Indiana side, where it was found and recognized. The distance is more than a mile. Down in Christian county, it is also stated, that a negro woman was not only blown out of her house and landed in the top of a tree, but that the tempest tore every stitch of clothing from her as she made her perilous ride in the air, and that when she was found she was exactly the same condition that Eve was before she used the fig leaves.

In several of the States, including Virginia and Pennsylvania, the old custom is still in vogue requiring a witness to kiss the Bible in making oath. In the latter State the other day a young lady refused to put her sweet lips where so many foul ones had been and the judge very properly excused her, saying the custom was a species of idolatry that ought to be abolished. It is not only a useless, but a very filthy requirement and it is strange that the foolish law it has not long since been repealed. We have seen Bibles used for this purpose in Virginia that would turn the stomach of a dog, if required to kiss it.

THE Legislature goes on passing bills without consideration, only for the governor to veto. That the latter is always right is shown by the unanimity with which he is sustained, and it also shows how reckless and careless our \$5-a-day statesmen are in the passage of laws. For a body which started out so well the legislature has been a disappointing failure and it is hoped that Mr. Richardson's bill to adjourn April 10th will be adopted and its power for evil be cut off.

MUNICIPAL elections were here held in 60 towns in Kansas Tuesday, remarkable only from the fact that women not only exercised the right of suffrage, but in numerous instances had the right to hold office bestowed on them. The female tickets were elected in several towns, including Kawatha, but to the credit of the more womanly women, be it said, a large number of them refrained from unsexing themselves.

THE Winchester Democrat is a little slow, but it has a knack of getting there. For instance, it states this week, in its most solemn manner, that "L. C. Norman has been appointed by Gov. Buckner to succeed Fayette Hewitt as auditor, the latter having resigned." The item is six months old, but it may still be news to the people who think and read about nothing but booms.

THE same old pauper pension bill that Grover Cleveland had the courage and honesty to veto, and which was applauded by the honest men of both parties, now goes to Harrison for his approval or rejection. Will he veto it? Not he. He is afraid of the soldier vote and hasn't got the requisite stiffness of the backbone to do a courageous act even if he wanted to.

As would naturally be expected of a lot of time-servers, the House sat down heavily on the whipping-post bill. The members were no doubt afraid that the provisions of the bill might be made to apply to them for taking money from the State in the way of per diem, that they do not earn and ought not to be entitled to.

THE public debt statement as issued shows a reduction last month of \$11,389,832. The net surplus in the treasury today is \$32,615,842, or about \$150,000 less than a month ago, notwithstanding the receipts were 34 millions more than March, 1889. It will not take long at this rate to put the balance on the other side.

THE Louisville & Nashville, which can always be depended on to do the proper thing for Louisville, has contributed \$10,000 to the tornado fund. This company has by its liberality and generosity long since refuted the charge that corporations have no souls.

W. H. POLK has changed the name and the form of The Drummer, which now appears as The Lexington Globe as a quarto. It is an improvement all around.

CHICAGO continues to demonstrate that she is a democratic city. In the election held Tuesday, the democrats made a clean sweep of all the best offices and elected 36 aldermen out of 68.

THE reference to Editor Thomas Morris, of the Nelson Record, as a "man of common" stock by the editor of the Harrodsburg Independent, who agreed with Senator May to keep mum in his race for \$50, has brought out many eulogies of the man who admits his humble, though honorable origin, by those who know him best. The only time we ever met Mr. Morris he impressed us as a thorough gentleman, and certainly nothing has ever appeared in his paper that would lead one to think to the contrary. The fellow who resorts to such charges in the absence of argument is deserving of the contempt most of the members of the press are expressing.

MR. SAM J. ROBERTS has secured a controlling interest in the Lexington Leader and been elected president, and Mr. Clarence Bradley, the bright young man who has been reporting the legislative proceedings for the paper, has been made managing editor. The Leader has a great deal of get-up-and-get about it and is a decided credit to the energetic young men who have made it so pronounced a success.

NEWS CONDENSED

—William Lewis, the oldest man in the county, died at Greensburg.

—Sam Wharton, aged 34, fell dead of epilepsy on a street in Harrodsburg.

—M. G. Baker has been appointed post-master at Withers, in Rockcastle county.

—The House passed the Fortification bill without division. It appropriates \$4,521,678.

—Wiggins claims that he predicted the tornado of last week and also says this month will be a squally one.

—The danger of a water famine in Louisville was averted by the satisfactory workings of a temporary pumping apparatus.

—The death of Congressman Wilber, of New York, which occurred Tuesday, makes the seventh member of the present Congress to die.

—E. A. Abbey, the artist, is to receive \$10,000 from the Harpers for illustrating a new addition of Shakespeare.

—The entire democratic ticket including George W. Peck, author of "Peck's Bad Boy," for mayor, was elected in Milwaukee.

—Hon. William L. Jackson, son of the late Judge William L. Jackson, is announced as candidate for judge of the Jefferson circuit court.

—Gen. Thomas C. Anderson, a prominent Louisiana politician and a member of the famous Returning Board of 1876, is dead at New Orleans.

—The Queen of England is said to be seriously considering the advisability of abdicating the throne in order to give the Prince of Wales a chance.

—Ex-Sheriff Flack, of New York, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment and fined \$500 for conspiracy in obtaining fraudulent divorce from his wife.

—A magazine of powder exploded in the coal mines of the Sloss Company, at Coalburg, Ala. Fifteen negro convict miners were injured, six of them fatally.

—The lines composing the Erlanger system of railways have been purchased by the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Company for \$5,500,000. They embrace 1,200 miles.

—Another chapter in the Hatfield-McCoy vendetta was begun Saturday at Logan Court-House, W. Va., when Jerry Hatfield, a cousin of "Devil Anse" Hatfield, was shot and killed by M. C. Lee.

—Ninety-three thousand Englishmen, 57,000 Irishmen and 17,000 Scotchmen emigrated to the United States in 1889, and the chances are that this number will be nearly or quite doubled this year.

—The Climax says that Lyman Burrell, who came to Richmond to get a coffin for his mother-in-law, Mrs. Jennie Golden, aged 79, died from the effects of being thrown from the wagon during a runaway.

—Wm. Smith, a farmer living near Dabney, Pulaski county, got drunk at Mayfield's distillery and wandered off. His dead body was found this week in an out of the way place near Levi Hubble's farm.

—The New York World reporter who secreted himself where he could hear all that was going on in a grand jury room and then published the proceedings entire, was fined \$250 and sentenced to 30 days in jail.

—A man who has been convicted of the murder of eight women, was hanged Tuesday in Szegedin, Hungary. He exhibited great cowardice on the scaffold as was natural for a man guilty of murdering women.

—While on a spree and standing on rear of a train on the Louisville Southern, shooting his pistol at anything and everything he took a mind to, Tom Shelton, of Salvisa, fell off as it was crossing a trestle and was killed.

—The House Committee has reported favorably a bill to pay Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, of Danville, \$1,800, being the amount of expense incurred by her in providing hospitals and furnishing supplies for wounded and sick soldiers during the war, at Danville, at Camp Dick Robinson and other places in Kentucky.

—Richmond is calling loudly for a public building and Gov. McCreary has offered a bill to that end. The House Committee on Post-offices is expected to report soon a general bill, which provides post-office buildings shall be erected by the government in every town where the post-office receipts amount to \$3,300 per year.

The Louisville Store

Is always alive to the interests of their patrons and offer not only the largest and best selected stock at the lowest prices, but also some particular and extraordinary bargains.

READ ABOUT

Them: Gentlemen, if you want

SOMETHING NEW

And stylish that no one else has, from the latest novelty in handsome Neckties to the latest style of Shirts, we've got them. Collars and Cuffs of every fashionable shape. Underwear of the best and finest makes. Shirts, dress and fancy, in a wide range of prices and suited for various occasions. Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Suspenders, &c. All the various styles and prices in our new Spring Stock of Clothing, Dry Goods, Hats, Trunks, Carpets, Matting, &c. We aim to please everybody, for we have every style, quality and price. If you want a Spring Suit you can save from \$2 to \$5 by selecting one from our new Spring Stock. Then you have the advantage of an immense variety here you'll not find elsewhere. Our prices and goods both talk convincingly.

THE LOUISVILLE STORE

Main Street, Stanford,

M. SALINGER, MANAGER.

—The newspapers continue to hunt a job for J. T. Harahan. The latest is that he will be made general manager of the Louisville, New Orleans & Texas.

—A Louisville grocery bill dated the day before was found in a yard at Cincinnati and a check drawn in Louisville further in Ohio, the next day after the tornado, supposed to have been taken thither by the wind.

—The directors of the Louisville Fair have determined to suspend all operations for the present and no fair will be held this year. As soon as the cyclone disaster is repaired the enterprise will be started, and it is expected that 1891 will witness the first fair.

—Gov. Buckner has issued a proclamation designating April 15 as Arbor day and recommending that all public schools and colleges of the State observe the same by suitable exercises, having for their object the imparting of knowledge in arboriculture and the adornment of schools and public grounds.

—Dan Caudill, who killed Bill Rice, a Rowan county desperado, last fall, while the latter was resisting arrest, has surrendered himself. Rice was one of the meanest of the old Tolliver gang and was captain of the squad of outlaws who butchered John Martin before his wife, when he was being returned a manacled prisoner from Winchester.

—Fayetteville, Tenn., also suffered terribly from the tornado. Scarcely a business house or residence in the town escaped destruction or injury. It is stated, strange to say, that the casualties were few and in no case fatal. Relief is said to be greatly needed in the way of temporary shelters for the large number whose homes were rendered uninhabitable.

—The list of killed in the portion of the State visited by the tornado, outside of Louisville, shows 63 persons, with many more wounded. The loss of dwellings, barns, fences, farming implements, live stock, etc., must be enormous when the total is computed. Valuable orchards and tracts of timber are laid waste and these items will likewise contribute to swell the damage far up into the thousands.

—The situation in the Lower Mississippi Valley is appalling. The backwaters from the mighty river have covered hundreds of miles of fertile territory, and are now sweeping downward toward the gulf, carrying everything before them. Whole towns have been wrecked either by the flood or the wind storms and the people are fleeing for their lives. Starvation will overtake many of them before the necessary relief can arrive.

—Under the head of "Flanked" the Courier-Journal had these sensational lines yesterday: "The K. & I. Bridge Company steals a march again and secures its own tracks into the O. & M. yards. The Pennsylvania people make a lawless attempt to thwart the plan; Supt. Porter severely injured by the intentional wrecking of a J. M. & I. car; he refuses to leave, however, until the obstructions are removed from the track. The Monon outwitted and an old right-of-way utilized by the new bridge."

—The mystery of the burning of Secretary Tracy's house has been revealed. The servant woman who went to early morning mass has confessed that she rose early on that fatal morning and while the other servants were in the basement she took a can of kerosene, saturated the carpet in the drawing-room, in the hall and part of the way up the front stairs. She then applied a match to the oil-soaked carpet and to the curtains, shut all the doors carefully and went to mass. The woman is crazy and has been confined. She had been with the secretary's family over 12 years.

NEW GOODS!

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Dress Goods, White Goods, Embroideries, &c.,

Ever in Stanford. Call and examine and be convinced.

A Full Line of Thos. Emmerson's Sons Cents' fine Boots and Shoes.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Matting, Rugs, Lace Curtains, &c.

SEVERANCE & SON.

.....GO TO.....

A. A. WARREN'S

"MODEL GROCERY"

For Garden Hoes, Rakes, Spading Forks

And Spades;

Northern Seed Irish Potatoes, Red & White Onion Sets, Peas and Beans in bulk.

Also a full stock of Landreth's, D. M. Ferry & Co.'s and Crossman's Garden Seeds in papers.

Notice!

I have a full line of

SEEDS OF ALL KINDS

In packages and bulk. Also all varieties of

N. Y. Seed Irish Potatoes and Clover Seed at the Lowest Market Prices.

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GROCERIES!

I have SARATOGA CHIPS, something new and popular. MAPLE SYRUP, the best on the market. Other Fancy Groceries always on hand. Staple and Heavy Groceries in abundance.

FLOWER CROCKS, plain and fancy and something altogether new in that line. Call and see them.

MARK HARDIN.

The Great Remedies!

KEET'S SPECIFIC cures all blood diseases, such as Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples, Ulcerated Throat, White Swelling, Syphilitic diseases in all its stages, Necrosis, &c. Price \$1 per bottle.

HAVIS' IRON BITTERS is the most pleasant to take of all the Iron tonics. It cures Dyspepsia and nervous system. Price \$1 per bottle.

GATLIEFF'S WORM SYRUP is made of the best worm killers and expellers known to the medical profession and therefore recommends itself. It is pleasant to take, safe and reliable. Price 25¢ per bottle.

GATLIEFF'S MAGNETIC PILLS for all Liver Complaints, Impaired Digestion, Sick Headache, &c. Acts as cathartic. Price 25¢ cents per box.

Manufactured and for sale to the trade by the

WILLIAMSBURG DRUG CO., Williamsburg, Ky.

BELLES OF BALTIMORE.

A GROUP OF RARELY BEAUTIFUL MAIDS AND MATRONS.

The Loveliness of Three Charming Girls Contrasted with That of Three Married Ladies—Baltimore Is Like Paris in One Respect.



MRS. JESSIE TYSON.

Although the Monumental City has numerous superb beauties, there are a half dozen to whom society with common consent awards the palm. They are the three young matrons, Mrs. Jessie Tyson, Mrs. Alexander Brown, Mrs. Frank Brown, and the three maidens, Miss Adele Horwitz, Miss Rebecca Williams and Miss Lota Robinson. Other lovely Baltimoreans are Mrs. Alfred Ritchie, she who was Virginia Cabell, Richmond's famous beauty; Mrs. John Van Bibber, one time Mollie Luby, with amber eyes and rich brown hair; Mrs. William Yates Perot, brunette and dashing; Lillie May, once the fiancée of James Gordon Bennett; and Louise Morris, the loveliest debutante of the past season.

Baltimore is like Paris in that young married women rule society and receive the homage of the tremendous swells, who pass the artless debutantes by. A young matron whom no maiden can rival is Mrs. Jessie Tyson. Ten years ago she was a girl in the "Dream of Fair Women." As Miss Johns, of a family parlor and old, she had hardly the success of a modern belle. Every one knew



MRS. ALEXANDER BROWN.

her to be wonderfully pretty, but she was shy, and it was not until her engagement to the wealthy bachelor, Mr. Jesse Tyson, was announced that they awoke to the fact that the loveliest maiden of the season was to be wed. Mr. Tyson was worth a million or two, and two generations of belles would willingly have laid their hearts at his feet.

Miss Johns was scarcely 18 when the marriage took place. There was a year's sojourn on the continent, and when a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Tyson returned to their stately home, Baltimoreans found that the bride was even lovelier than the debutante. Rather short, but with a perfect figure, an oval face, exquisitely modeled; masses of black hair, dark eyes, soft rather than sparkling; a mouth tender and wistful, of a manner matchless in its dignity—that is the picture of the young matron whom men admire and women commend.

Her voice has the frankness of a child's and the peculiar controlled quality of a high bred woman's. The picture of her given here is by a London artist, and in it her chief beauties, color and expression cannot be shown. Her cheeks are of as glowing red as



MRS. FRANK BROWN.

the rare Ulrich Brunner rose, and her expression is at once winning.

It has been said that Baltimore's beautiful women look alike, either being fair and lily like or unfathomably brunette. Mrs. Alexander Brown, though not resembling Mrs. Tyson in feature, produces the same effect on the eye, for they both have the same black hair, dark eyes and rich coloring. Mrs. Brown has been married seven years and has two lovely little daughters.

She was Miss Bessie Montagu, Baltimore born and bred, but many men outside her own city were her suitors, and it was said that two or three New York millionaires felt chagrined when they heard that the belle of Baltimore had chosen to marry in her own city. Mr. Alexander Brown is connected with the widely known banking house of Brown & Co., and is the only son of the senior member. Mrs. Alexander Brown looks like a girl of 18. Her figure is fairly perfect, her arms and throat being white, firm and rounded. She wears her black hair in a Bretonne, encircled and shaped to the forehead. Not satisfied with dowering her with beauty, Nature has given her quick wit, and she is a most excellent dinner companion, quick as lightning in her repartee—a strange quality in a woman—a good raconteur.

Mrs. Frank Brown, wife of the postmaster

of Baltimore, has for several years been considered one of that city's prettiest women. She is of medium height, of a beautifully rounded figure, with a face fair, dimpled and humor loving. Some of the finest entertainments in Baltimore have been given at her magnificent home on Charles street. She is a perfect hostess and popular. She leaves shortly for Europe, where she will remain eighteen months.

The most talked of beauty in the Monumental City is Adele Horwitz. She has a reputation as assured as that of Marion Langdon or Sallie Hargous in New York, and she has won her laurels as the Baltimore beauty par excellence in Philadelphia, Narragansett Pier and Bar Harbor. She is the only daughter of B. F. Horwitz, a prominent business man of Baltimore, and through her mother, who was the daughter of the world known physician, Dr. Gross, she is connected with the best Philadelphia and Kentucky families. She is tall, fairly slender, and royally carries a head of marvelous beauty on her white shoulders.

The coloring of that head is equal to its grace, for it is produced by the perfect rose of the cheeks and the golden brown of the hair. Her color is never high, but always of that pale tint seen in the hedge rose. Eyes blue and well opened, brows arched, nose fine and



MISS ADELE HORWITZ.

small, and a riant mouth make up the other attributes of the beautiful Miss Horwitz. She has the well groomed look of a high bred English girl, but dresses in the quite fetching fashion of a French maiden. Two years ago, when she made her debut, even Baltimore was taken by storm, for her mother, a witty, brilliant woman, gave a series of entertainments in her honor.

There was a luncheon for ladies, a large theatre party the same night and a bal poude the following evening, and by the three was Miss Adele successfully launched. She was seen last winter at the Assembly in Philadelphia and at several other balls in the Quaker City, and was also one of the riders at the Dumbarton hunt in Washington, where several little dinners were given in her honor.

A girl who is considered very lovely in Baltimore is Miss Rebecca Williams, the daughter of an old and wealthy family who have lived for half a century in a fine brownstone on the historic Mount Vernon Place. Miss Williams has been an invalid for a year past, but her illness has only seemed to idealize and make her more lovely. She is of the



MISS REBECCA WILLIAMS.

second Baltimore type, that of the pale blonde. In addition to the beauty of soft blue eyes and fair hair, she has as lovely mouth and teeth as one ever sees and a peculiarly winning expression.

She is one of the few lovely American girls whom the great French portrait painter, Alexander Cabanel, consented to paint, and the picture used here is copied from it. At the time she posed for the portrait she was ill, and it shows her more fragile than she is, and with dark circles under the eyes. Miss Williams inherits her beauty, for a Healy portrait of her mother shows her to have been a rarely beautiful woman of the same soft, refined type as the daughter. Both her father and mother are dead, and it is through the former that she is related to the Bonapartes. A younger sister, Miss Charlotte, is counted among Baltimore's pretty girls. Her face is piquant and charming, and she has an exquisitely rounded figure.



MISS LOTA ROBINSON.

Not strictly beautiful, but with an arch and vivacious manner that makes her particularly attractive, is Miss Lota Robinson, daughter of Mrs. John M. Robinson, one of the most famous society leaders Baltimore has had in many a day. Miss Robinson is tall, gracefully formed, and dresses in a style peculiarly becoming to a brunette. She is a bit dashing and daring in her dress, but her conservative city seems to like the change from more demure beauties, and she is universally popular.

CAROLINE SIFTON PEPPER.

AIR CASTLES.

Fragile and weak are the castles of air! That fact is a dreamer's brain; They're built upon nothing, yet treasures they bear.

The pearls of the ocean so rich and so rare, The gems of the mine find a dwelling place there, Mid trophies from mountain and plain.

I built me a castle like this one day, When meadows lay silent and still; And up from the fields came the scent of the hay, As I tinkered and tinkered and tinkered away.

My castle walls grew till the moon shed its ray, Over the bow of the sloping hill.

And I placed 'neath its portals a being so fair, The birds, as they flew up above, As I tinkered and tinkered and tinkered away, My castle walls grew till the moon shed its ray.

To gaze on this being so fresh and so fair, With the dew of the morning asleep in her hair, And her eyes beaming over with love.

But now I am weary, I'll build me no more, My castle has faded away; My heart feels so weary, so sick and so sore, As I think of the castle I builded of yore.

When joy lay behind me and joy lay before, And life seemed so happy and gay.

For the being who dwelt in this castle of air, Lies under the soil—oh, so deep, 'Neath the buds and the blossoms, so fresh and so fair.

With the dew of the morning asleep in her hair, And my heart tugs a dirge to the theme of despair.

Over the grave where she lies fast asleep, —Philadelphia Ledger.

A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

For the first few weeks after we went into camp at Talo, away up in Upper Burma, on the head waters of the Irrawaddy river, we had a pretty stiff time of it, and what with fighting dacoits and locating sub-military stations about the country our hands were full. Then, just about the time things began to settle down, a new difficulty arose, for what little cultivated land there was had been robbed and plundered by the dacoits, and so the poor Burmese found themselves in danger of starving, and the worst of it was it looked as though we might have to starve with them. The Madras Pioneers, whom I commanded, were a brave and sturdy lot of fellows, but I saw only too plainly that their scout ratings were having a serious effect. For while native traders had been coming down the Irrawaddy in boats on their way to Mandalay, carrying gold leaf and indigo, sweet oil and pickled tea, and what was of far more value to us, coconuts and bananas, eggs and rice; but the dacoits along the wooded banks of the river, and in the valleys, had robbed them so often that they were beginning to find it more profitable to stay at home, and a trader's boat was now a rare and curious thing.

"Well, Capt. Charlton," said a cheerful voice as I sat smoking a cheroot before my tent one evening, "pondering over the food problem, are you? Don't worry. I have found a sure solution for that."

The speaker was Lieut. Redvers, and he looked very happy and contented as he pulled out a camp stool and sat down at my side. "I have a splendid idea," he went on. "Half a dozen of those cowardly traders were in camp this morning during your absence begging us to give them some protection. It seems the dacoits have robbed two boats in the past week. There is a whole nest of the wretches about ten miles above here. These traders circled round to avoid them, and they report a boat load of stuff lying at a village twenty miles up the river which they are afraid to bring down. Now my idea is this. Suppose we take a picked dozen of men and go back with these fellows. Then we hide ourselves in the boat, start down the river and when the dacoits come out to board us we pop up and give them a leaden reception. I assure you they will trouble no more traders' boats, and in future we will feast as royally as the Rajah of Munnipore himself. Now, what do you think of that, captain?"

I expressed my opinion with a hearty clasp on Redvers' back.

The next morning I picked out half a dozen good men and, taking Redvers along, of course, we put ourselves under the guidance of the Burmese traders and started for the village, twenty miles distant.

That is, it was twenty miles by the water, but it was at least thirty by the way our guides led us, for we circled away back from the river, crossing over a couple of mountain ranges and wading through bamboo swamps and thorny jungles.

It was a perilous trip for such a handful of men and we were all glad when we arrived at the village about nightfall.

It was a mere trifle of a place, but it was encircled with a strong stockade of teak logs, and the natives had made such a heroic defense on the several occasions when it had been attacked by dacoits that the robbers had ceased to molest it. We found the boat moored along the bank. It was a typical Burmese barge, the very counterpart of a boy Noddy's ark, with shelling red and sides constructed of movable shutters that opened downward on hinges toward the water. It was propelled by a big stern paddle and the steersman occupied a little covered platform that was built up over the roof at the rear of the boat. We delayed our departure until after midnight so as to reach the devious position about dawn.

The grateful natives piled us with food and drink, and just before we started an aged phoon offered up prayers for our success in an old pagoda that stood on the bank. We stowed ourselves away in the interior of the boat, among the bananas and coconuts, and cutting loose from the bank we glided out on the sluggish stream.

It was very dark and very quiet. Redvers and I sat out on the deck with the boatmen, for it was necessary to keep a sharp lookout. The profile of the shore could be seen but dimly, and the steersman found it difficult to keep the center of the stream. It was a long and tedious ride, but at last the owner of the boat, whose name was Sang, pointed out a faint glimmer in the east and told us it was time to get ready. It grew gradually lighter, until from my knot hole in the shutter I could make out the trees on the shore quite plainly. We continued to float on very gently with the current, the suspense growing all the while more painful.

"Was it possible that our ruse was suspected?" I began to wonder.

Suddenly a shadow darkened the doorway and Sang whispered in softly: "We are near the place now, sahibs."

Every man took a final look at his rifle and made ready to cast loose the shutters when I should give the signal. We dropped down stream for a hundred yards or more in dead silence. I was falling into utter despair when suddenly a dark figure stepped out on the bank and hailed us loudly in Burmese, bidding our boatmen come peacefully to shore at once. Sang made reply: "We are poor boatmen from Myong," he cried, in well simulated tones of fear. "We are taking a cargo of rice to Tamo, and we pray that you will let us pass unhindered."

The only answer to this appeal was a derisive laugh and a sterner command to steer for the bank at once. Sang made no further reply, and as soon as the robbers saw we were going to float on by regardless of his commands he gave a loud shout, and on the instant from the shadow of the bank three

long pointed canoes shot out filled with savage-looking fellows, who paddled directly for our boat.

"They are coming," I cried, excitedly. "Make ready now, men."

Redvers was down at the other end of the line with rifle in readiness, and I saw that every man had one trembling hand on the bolts of the shutter. The dacoits were so close now that I could see their faces plainly. They were armed with both guns and spears, and as they drew a little nearer they let fly a volley at our boatmen, which drove them inside, happily without injury. It was time to act, for the long canoes were close to the boat and I saw by the triumphant look of satisfaction on their swarthy faces that they anticipated an easy victory.

"How close are they?" demanded Redvers, in a hoarse whisper.

"Get ready," I answered. "Now, then, drop the shutters together, men, and let them have it."

The word of command had hardly left my lips when the shutters fell in unison, letting in a blinding glare of light, and so astounding the robbers that they actually ceased paddling for one second of stupefied amazement. Then our rifle fire raked through the canoes with deadly effect, and in an instant they had plunged overboard, some never to rise again, others striking out wildly for the shore, while the abandoned canoes floated off with the current.

One big savage, who seemed to be the leader, got confused and drove straight toward the boat. He came to the surface so close that I reached out and caught him by his long black hair and, with Redvers' assistance, hauled him struggling and kicking on board. By this time many of the dacoits had reached the shore, and their loud outcry showed plainly that it was their chief who had fallen into my hands. I was just about to order the men to give them another volley, when a loud cry from the steersman overhead attracted my attention, and looking down the river I saw a sight that nearly froze my blood. Less than a quarter of a mile distant a perfect fleet of canoes were moving out into the stream from both shores, and I saw that we were hopelessly cut off.

Two of our boatmen at once plunged overboard and gaining the right bank disappeared in the jungle. I confess I was badly scared. My first sensation was surprise at seeing such a large force of dacoits. Then I realized our peril. In this clumsy old craft we would be overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers, with no chance of escape. It was useless to attempt to reach the shore. The men with faces slightly blanched were waiting my orders.

A desperate struggle and a soldier's death were all that were left to us, and I was just about to tell them so when a glance at the sullen countenance of our captive inspired me with a brilliant idea.

I knew these dacoits were cowards at heart and, turning to the chief, I mustered up my scanty knowledge of Burmese and said fiercely: "You dog of a robber, if your men come a yard nearer I will shoot you on the spot," and I pulled out my revolver as I spoke.

"Listen," I said. "An Englishman never lies, and you know it. But your men go back to shore and let our boats go by unmolested. When we are five miles below here you shall be set free."

The robber shook his head sullenly, and I saw with alarm that we were fast drifting down into the horde of canoes. I sprang forward and seized him by the throat, pressing the cold muzzle of the revolver against his naked breast.

"Stop, stop, sahibs," he cried, falling on his knees. "I will do your bidding; only spare my life."

"Make haste," I cried, "or you die on the spot."

He advanced trembling to the front of the boat firmly held by Redvers and one of the men, and in a loud voice addressed his friends, motioning them backward as he spoke.

My knowledge of Burmese was scant, but I could readily make out that he was assuring them that his life depended on their going to shore and letting the English sahibs go by unharmed.

It was a moment of dreadful suspense and for a time the issue was uncertain. Then to my unspeakable joy the dacoits with every evidence of baffled rage paddled sullenly to shore, some to the right bank, some to the left. Amid silence that was intense we drifted right down into that horrid nest, Redvers clutching the dacoit chief, watching the dusky face for the least sign of treachery, the men nervous but alert with rifles actually at full cock, the remaining Burmese huddled together in the bow stupid with fright, and in the crow's nest overhead the steersman guiding the big paddle with hair-breadth accuracy.

It was a period of horrible uncertainty, and when at last the clumsy craft floated right between the double rows of canoes the suspense was almost unbearable. From both sides scores of dark savage faces watched us sharply, keenly, so close, indeed, that one could see plainly their greedy looks, the ornaments glittering on their half naked bodies and the weapons firmly clutched in their quivering hands. We seemed to move by inches, and I could scarce repress a shout of impatience. Every eye was fixed on the chief, but in the face of Redvers' revolver that dusky individual, who held all our lives in his hand, dared make no sign, and so we drifted on in solemn silence.

I knew how feverishly the savages longed to let fly their deadly spears. Even the chief, doubting his own influence, was visibly disturbed, and I think he was as much relieved as any person present when the boat floated past the last bunch of canoes and the open river lay ahead of us. I wheeled round, rifle in hand, but not a dacoit stirred, and in this position I remained until a curve in the river hid the enemy from view.

We held on to our prisoner until we reached a point five miles below where the river narrowed and grew swifter. Here, true to my promise, I embarked him in shallow water, and, wading to shore, he plunged into the forest without a backward glance. We had little fear of pursuit now, for the country was more open and the current was strong, and before noon we safely arrived at Talo and anchored our precious boat load of provisions along the bank.

It turned out to have been a very fortunate expedition after all. The presence of such a force of dacoits in the neighborhood was a very timely discovery, and when they crept down on us after dark that same night they met with such a defeat as assured a quieter condition of affairs for some time to come.

From one of the prisoners who fell into our hands I learned to my chagrin and dismay that the dacoit chief whom I had held in such brief captivity was a notorious robber on, whose head more than one price had been set. I readily understood then how groundless had been our fears when we floated through the midst of the robbers, and I shuddered to think how close I had stood to that sanguinary monster. Still, even had his identity been known, honor would have compelled me to keep my promise and release him.

In a very short time Redvers' prediction came true, for, though small bodies of dacoits were lurking in the inaccessible spots along the river, they maintained a very rigid and distant demeanor towards the traders' boats, and before long we were living every whit as royally as his royal highness, the Rajah of Munnipore. —Philadelphia Times.

BEREFT OF SENSE.

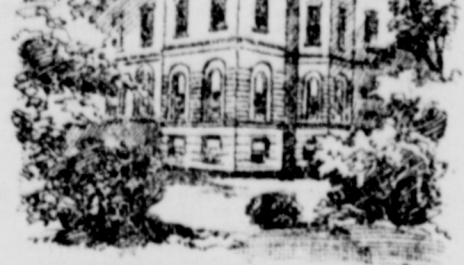
The Strange Patients Found in an Insane Asylum.

AN INFALLIBLE TEST FOR LUNACY.

A Wily Patient's Plan for Securing Food and Prosecuting His Devotions—Sad Fate of a Young Girl—The Old Woman and Her Patriotic Fund.

A physician in charge of a well known asylum for the care of the insane recently said to the writer:

"There is one infallible test either for the approach or the presence of lunacy. If the person whose case is being examined is seen to make no use of his thumb, if he lets it stand out at right angles from the hand and



BLOOMINGDALE ASYLUM, NEW YORK.

employs it neither in salutation, writing, nor any other manual exercise, you may set it down as a fact that that person's mental balance is gone. He or she may converse intelligently, may in every respect be guarding the secret of a mind diseased with the utmost care and cunning, but the telltale thumb will infallibly betray the lurking madness which is concealed behind a plausible demeanor."

With this introduction the gentleman conducted the writer into the roomy corridors and extensive wards, wherein are secluded the unfortunate for whom existence has ceased to have but little more than a physical aspect.

"There," he continued, pointing to a venerable, dignified old man, who returned the doctor's salute with a courteous wave of his hand, "is a patient who was received only a day or two ago. He is wealthy, and a deacon in the church to which he belongs. On every subject, save religion, he is perfectly rational, but in the discussion of doctrinal points he becomes a dangerous maniac. The first meal took with us in the large dining room was supper. On being shown to his seat he buried his head in his hands, apparently engaged in silent prayer.



THE THUMB TEST.

"He continued immovable until all the others had finished and left. One of the waiters touched him on the shoulder. He said 'Amen' in a loud voice and looked up. A glance showed him that all the food was gone save a little bread and butter. His meal, consequently, was a slender one, but he said nothing. Next morning, however, he was the first to enter the hall. Going from table to table he collected the different viands he thought would please his palate, and piled them up in front of his plate. Then he encircled them with his arms, bowed his head, and continued his devotions as long as he chose, confident that when the righteous man looked out for himself, he would not want for food."

"Love me, please love me; oh, kind sir, nobody cares for me; won't you please love me?"

The speaker was a beautiful girl, dressed all in white; the glory of her great black eyes dimmed by unutterable sadness, and her attitude one of graceful but hopeless appeal. Her arms were outstretched, but her body had tense lines to it, as though she was preparing to shrink from an expected blow.

The doctor's face grew stern. "Poor little child," he sighed, "for she is nothing more than a child; she is the victim of a mock marriage, brutal treatment and desertion. She is melancholy mad, and nothing but some great grief will restore her reason. At the best, the chances for recovery would only be even, for the shock might kill instead of cure."

"The Shooting of Hon. D. B. Gillham." Hon. Daniel B. Gillham, of Upper Alton, Ill., who now lies dangerously ill from the effects of a pistol wound, was the victim, it would seem, of a very mysterious attack. He was awakened one night recently by a noise, and on arising to investigate was shot down by an unknown intruder who then escaped. It is conceded that the burglar's apparent object was robbery, but the point yet to be settled is whether or not there was a cloak behind which some personal enemy desired to conceal his intent to do murder.

Applying an Old Phrase. First Composer—I got quite a large check today. Second Composer—Did you have to work hard for it? "Got it for a mere song."—Boston Courier.

A Little Too Late. Papa—I hear you were a bad girl today, and had to be spanked. Small Daughter—Mamma is awful strict. If I'd known she used to be a school teacher, I'd 'a' told you not to marry her.—Racket.

Her Mistake. Young Lady (tailor made)—Take my seat, please. Old Lady (near sighted but grateful)—Thank you, sir. You are the only gentlemen in the car.—Exchange.

Or a Dialogue. "Do you read minds just as you would a book?" asked Howell Gibbon. "Sometimes," returned the Mind Reader. "In your case I'd read it just as I would a paragraph."—Puck.

tented he continued: "She is a monomaniac on the subject of forcing her native land, and imagined that the fund raised by her unaided efforts will be sufficient for the purpose. During the past six years she has received considerable sums from visitors and attendants, but it was only the other day we discovered where she concealed her hoard. Certainly not in her room, for a careful search of the apartment revealed nothing, and a close watch of her incoming and outgoings brought no results. By accident we found that her bank is a tin pad concealed in the grounds of the asylum beneath a stone. It is nearly full of all sorts of coin. We have not disturbed it, but simply keep guard to see that the old lady is not made a victim of theft."

"Can you lend me \$2.50?" queried a middle aged, smooth shaven man.

"No, John, not today," and as we continued our stroll the physician continued: "That man and his wife are both here under treatment for acute mania. They became imbued with the idea that it was obligatory on them to make a human sacrifice. So they broke up all their furniture, placed the fragments in a heap, put their child, bound hand and foot, on top and set the pyre ablaze. The baby was rescued just in time, and the parents are now here. The father thinks if he secures \$2.50 he can pay for burning down the house and secure his release."

A queer case is that of a young fellow who is deranged on the subject of patent medicines. He wanders around with a bottle of water in his hand. Tals, he insists, has peculiar virtues, and declares: "I was very sick, and an examination showed I had no liver and my lights were diseased. I took two bottles of this remedy, and now I have a new liver and electric lights. Won't you try a bottle?"

"Who, have you found," I asked my medical friend, "in your experience as an expert, to be most prone to mental trouble?"

The wives of unsuccessful farmers. They are generally faithful, loving help-meets, who start their wedded career with hearts full of hope. They work hard, and their husbands also work hard. A bad season or a big storm causes a failure of the crops. The farmer is compelled to mortgage his place to provide for current expenses and next year's seedling and stock. Then the couple must toil more than ever, for they not only have to live, but to pay interest, with the big black principal besides always looming up in the background. The man is away in the fields each day, busy. The woman finds a little leisure after performing her household duties and sits down to think.

"For a few months she plans simple economies and sacrifices. Then, as prospects fail to brighten, she ceases thinking and begins to brood. Next she gets melancholy, discouraged, tired of life. The weary brain gives way, and the happy girl of a few years back is the mad woman of today. Talk of the fierce conflict for existence in big cities! It is nothing to the countless grind of daily toil on a farm whose soil is stony and crops scanty. The cities pour the victims of vice into the asylums, the country the honest poor who can't make both ends meet."

Bloomingdale, in New York city, as well as nearly all the large asylums throughout the United States and Canada, was arranged with these objects in view: cure if possible, make comfortable anyway. The general plan is to have sunny rooms, recreation halls, entertainments, gardens, gymnasiums and every possible device for pleasantly occupying and diverting the distracted mind. The old days of brutal treatment passed away with a generation that is dead and gone. Of course, from time to time the public hears of outrages at various places perpetrated by attendants, but they may be set down as the exceptions that prove the general existence of skilled and humane treatment of the insane.

FRED C. DAYTON.

A STRANGE SUICIDE.

Was Miss White Persecuted or Was She of Unsound Mind?

Was Jessie White a monomaniac or was she the victim of a fiendish persecution? This is the question agitating the people of Joliet, Ill., at present. The other day, while driving about the city in a carriage, she committed suicide by shooting. She left a note saying that she could stand the persecution no longer—thereby referring to an untold number of anonymous letters reflecting on her character which have been received by her friends, relatives and acquaintances during the past two years.

The letters to the young girl herself threatened her with death. No clues have ever been obtained to the writer, although one man came under suspicion, was arrested, indicted, tried and found not guilty. If Miss White was the victim of a cowardly assassin of character no punishment can be too severe for the miscreant, who discovered, but it is claimed in some quarters that she wrote the letters herself, being the victim of monomania and a thirst for notoriety.

From the meager developments so far achieved it looks rather doubtful whether the mystery will ever be cleared up.

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LOVE ME, PLEASE, LOVE ME.

The utmost punishment I could imagine for the wretch responsible for this human wreck is that he should be compelled to witness every day of his life the ruin he has wrought.

An aged woman, respectfully dressed, and with pleasant features, held out a tin cup. "Please, sir," she entreated, "a few pennies for the good cause."

"Drop in a few," whispered the

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL
STANFORD, KY., - APRIL 4, 1890
E. C. WALTON, Bus. Manager

MEANS BUSINESS.

COME and settle your account. A. R. Penny.
WATCHES and jewelry repaired and warranted. A. R. Penny.
The best place to buy drugs, patent medicines and toilet articles is at A. R. Penny's.
Buy your school books, ink, tablets, paper, pencils and school supplies of all kinds from A. R. Penny.

PERSONAL POINTS.

W. L. OWSELEY, of Louisville, is with relatives here.
MRS. J. B. F. GRAY, of Louisville, is visiting Mrs. C. B. St. Clair.
MRS. JAMES MILLER went to Danville yesterday to visit relatives.
MESSRS. GEORGE and B. K. WEAREN went to Pineville Wednesday.
MRS. JAMES W. GERRARD and S. M. OWENS went to Louisville Wednesday.
—D. N. Prewitt bought of Wm. M. Gooch a car-load of big hogs at 3¢ to 3½¢.
MR. E. B. BRADLEY is expected home tomorrow from Middlesboro to visit his family.
MR. and MRS. HUGH HAYS have moved to one of the Murphy houses, on Depot street.
JESSE A. AMON, who is attending a medical college in Philadelphia, is visiting his parents.
MISS JULIET GILL, of Lancaster, was over yesterday to meet her friend, Dr. Rogers, of West Point.
HARVEY HELM is now a full fledged attorney at law. His license was granted by the circuit court this week.
MR. J. P. GRAY, recently of Rockwood, Tenn., and well-known here where he married, has moved to Somerset.
W. C. CASH, Mrs. Cash and their children, with 10 huge trunks, took the train here Tuesday. Mr. Cash said for New York.
MISS ELLEN OWSELEY, who is attending school in Louisville, passed through yesterday to visit her parents, Judge and Mrs. M. H. Owseley, at Lancaster.
MISS HELEN REID and Sadie Cook, of Hustonville, are guests of Mrs. Dr. L. F. Huffman, on South Limestone street.—Lexington Leader.
DR. J. K. VAN ARSDALE, who has made a nice sum on his farm near Milledgeville, has rented the Craig property on Hustonville street and will move to it in a few days.

CITY AND VICINITY.

FOR SALE of rent the Carpenter House. Apply to D. R. Carpenter.
FOR RENT.—Suite of rooms in Commercial Hotel. Apply to M. F. Elkin.
A FULL stock of Ziegler Bros. celebrated shoes just received. S. H. Shanks.
A TRAMP, who refused to give his name, was jailed yesterday for drunkenness.
ROBINSON'S advertising wagon was here yesterday billing the town for the circus, which will exhibit at Danville May 9th.
AFTER two days of fair weather it was raining again last evening and the signal service said it would continue till to-day and then turn cooler.
BANK STOCK.—J. B. Foster sold to Misses Ida and Lizzie Twidwell 24 shares of First National Bank stock at \$107 and to Mr. A. S. Myers 5 of same at the same price.
THE Lincoln Building and Savings Association will begin on Saturday, April 5, '90, to issue a new series of stock. H. J. Darst and A. A. Warren are authorized to receive subscriptions for same.
OUR extra page, 12 columns of matter, which we send out with this issue, will be found to be unusually interesting. These extra pages will be a feature of the INTERIOR JOURNAL so long as the pressure on our advertising columns continue.
AT last accounts the republican committee was dead-locked in its effort to appoint a national committeeman in place of Col. Goodloe. Col. W. O. Bradley and George Denny stood 6 and 6. Our money is still on the Garrard horse and we are sure his good luck will pull him through.
THE miners of Pittsburg, East Bernstadt and Altamont are on a strike because of a reduction from 3 to 2½ cents per bushel for coal during the spring and summer months. The operators say they will not concede to their wants and the miners say they will not go to work until the old price is resumed. At present things are at a standstill.
YOUTHFUL ROBBERIES.—Charlie Briggs and Eddie Embry, two 12-year-old coons, robbed a little white boy who was asking alms of the people here Wednesday. They saw that the little fellow had money and enticing him to an isolated corner on the creek, they relieved him of 91 cents. Marshal Newland was informed by the boy, who was in tears over his loss, and with his usual alertness he traced it up and had it returned to its rightful owner. The little rascals were let off from arrest on the promise of their mothers to whale the hide off of them.

NEW lot of Men's and boys' spring clothing just received at S. H. Shanks'.
A NEW and beautiful line of one and eight-day clocks at W. B. McRoberts'.
We do not care so much whether our correspondents write or not, but we would advise them to either shoot or give up the gun.

REMEMBER the railroad meeting Monday and make it a point to attend. We must stand together, if we wish to obtain the road, which will benefit us more than any in the county.

THE ladies are cordially invited to examine our stock of spring millinery. It surpasses any line ever brought here. All our prices are very reasonable. Courts & Wray, in rear of post-office.

TO-day is Good Friday and Sunday will be Easter. In Virginia during slavery times the Monday following Easter was always enjoyed by the darkies as a holiday, but since every day is a holiday with a big majority of the colored people now, its observance has fallen into innocuous desuetude.

THE Frankfort Capital has this to say of John H. Miller's humorous epistle: "Happy Jack's" letter to Judge Wm. Lindsay, originally published in the Capital, is going the rounds of the press and is everywhere received with appreciation. It is a fine piece of humor and keen sarcasm.

It is hardly necessary to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of A. B. Robertson & Bro., of Danville, which appears on this page. It is a matter of special interest to the ladies, who will recognize at once the wonderfully low prices offered. The firm is one of the most liberal in Kentucky, and those who trade with it can do so under an absolute guarantee that they will get more than their money's worth.

THE Kentucky Central and the Newport News and Mississippi Valley Company are to be consolidated May 1, both of which are controlled by C. P. Huntington. The Kentucky Central people are on top in the shuffle, and H. E. Huntington, at present vice-president and general manager of the Kentucky Central, is to be general manager of the consolidated lines, while Vice-President Yarrington will resign. If the new arrangement will cause the train that runs here to come on time, it will bring joy to the hearts of the postmaster and others.

THE operation known in surgery as medium urethotomy, for the reduction of enlarged prostate glands of the bladder, was performed on Mr. J. Mat Martin Tuesday by Drs. Peyton, Fry, Reid and McRoberts. For a long time Mr. Martin has been confined to his room and for the most part to his bed with bladder trouble, and the operation revealed the fact that he could have lived only a very short time with his bladder in the fearfully diseased state it was. The operation is a severe one, considering his low physical condition, but he survived it and is doing as well as could be expected.

CIRCUIT COURT.—Judge Morrow very promptly ordered a special grand jury to be empaneled Tuesday to investigate the case of Toy Teeters, charged with the murder of Will Allen Baugh, and the result was an indictment for the highest offense known to the law. Teeters was brought into court and asked with reference to his counsel, when he said that he had engaged Hon. R. C. Warren to defend him. The judge then set the trial for the 9th of April, next Wednesday. It is understood that the plea will be insanity. The grand-jury also found three other indictments, one for disturbing a school and two against the same man for house breaking and carrying concealed weapons. The day in court was devoted to civil matters.

The case of James Pepples against David Pepples to recover on a note for over \$400 occupied the court from Tuesday afternoon till yesterday and developed a singular state of affairs. The plaintiff avers that the note was for borrowed money, but the defendant stoutly denied that he had borrowed any money or that he had signed the note. The body of it was in the handwriting of the late Harrison Hocker and it was signed David Pepples. Experts differed as to whether it was his signature or not. The writing bears date of nine years ago and in that time David claims that they have had numerous settlements and that his brother has paid him money several times and on no occasion mentioned the note. There was a great deal of testimony pro and con and the fight being between brothers, caused considerable interest. The plaintiff was represented by Hill & McRoberts and the defendant by Judge M. H. Owseley and Miller & Owseley, all of whom made speeches.

The case was given to the jury at noon yesterday, but they soon reported that they were unable to agree and were still hung when this report closed. The trial of the damage suit of Grove C. Kennedy vs. J. Matt Phillips for selling him hogs with the cholera was next called and entered into.

Judge Morrow tells us that there will be no circuit court next Monday, on account of the county court.

MT. VINCENT.—Judge Boreing writes to Messrs. W. G. Welch and J. S. Hughes from Louisville that he succeeded in obtaining from the L. & N. every-

WE HEREWITH SUBMIT TO THE READERS OF THE I. J. A VERY

Partial list of Many Spring Goods

That will be found ATTRACTIVE in Style, Quality and Price. We are prepared in every line to suit every taste and purse and have a line of Dry Goods unequalled except in the cities, and as to price will be glad to have a comparison made with prices anywhere. We sell strictly for cash and on margins that would soon bankrupt any credit house. If you can't come down, write for samples. They will be sent promptly.

NOVELTIES In DRESS GOODS

If you want a new, stylish and exclusive Dress, you can find it among our Forty Fine Paris Suits. The price will please you, too, for they are certainly cheap. We will sell you a handsome Suit, with 12-inch Silk Emb., for only \$10. For \$13.50 you can take choice of a number of Novelty Suits, all beauties. \$18 buys an Elegant Suit with VanDyke Emb., 27 inches wide. We have a dozen Suits worth from \$20 to \$50 that are the embodiment of Parisian taste and style. Files of Latest Fashion Papers kept for the use of customers. In PIECE GOODS, both Plain, Plaid, Stripes and Beiges, we have a beautiful line of all the new shades and combinations. We mention only a few specials, such as

Black English Mohair, 40-inch...35c
Colored English Mohair, 40 in. in eight colors...37c
46-in. All-Wool Henrietta and Serge...60c
Black and White Stripe Mohair, 40-inch...42c
Cream and Black All-Wool Challie...35c
10 Styles Plaid, Stripe & Check Novelties, worth 98c, at...75c

BENGALINE SILKS.

These goods sold last season at \$1 a yard, and are really worth that money. There is nothing made that makes a more beautiful dress for both street and evening wear. The price is only

63 CENTS,

Not much over half their value. We have about 25 patterns, in Cream and White grounds; also Navy Electric, Mahogany, Cardinal and Black. New two-tone Ribbons for Trimming, in all the new shades.

ACCORDION PLAIDED SUITS.

Full Suit Black English Mohair...\$ 6 25
Full Suit of Colored Mohair Glace...7 00
Full Suit Fine Colored Ser-ges...9 00
Full Suit Side Band Silk Finish Mohair...10 00
Full Suit Extra Fine Cream Mohair...9 50
Full Suit Best 75c Silk Finish Mohair...10 00
Children's Full Suits and Skirts. All Ladies' Skirts are eight yards round and 45 inches deep. Plaiting done to order and returned within 8 days.

BLACK SILK LACES and DRA-PERY NETS.

All-Silk Fish Net, 48 in. wide, 75c
All-Silk Stripe Fish Net, 48 inches wide...85c
All-Silk Guipure Lace Flounc-ing, 45 inches wide...\$1 15
All-Silk Net, extra heavy, 48 inches wide...1 40
All-Silk LaTosca Bordered Nets...1 40

Finer qualities LaTosca Nets, the Novelty of the season, at \$1 80, \$2, \$2 60 and \$3 50.

LACE CURTAINS

60c buys a pair of Nice Cream Lace Curtains. 75c for extra good Curtains. Large Size, Full Tape-Bound, Soft-Finish, at 90c and \$1 15 per pair. Higher qualities just as cheap. Best Curtain Poles with Fancy Brass Fixtures only 25 cents.

WASH FABRICS.

Cashmere Ombre, a new and stylish material, at 30 cents. Best French Satens in last year's patterns, 18c. Madras Batiste 12½c. Outing Cloths 9c and 12c. Real Penangs 10c. Toile du Nord Gingham 10c. Finer Gingham 12c. There never was in Danville be-

fore such a line of real Scotch Gingham as we now have. It will pay you well to come in just to see these alone. Prices are 20c, 25c, 33c, 45c and 50c.

PARTY NETS.

At least 20 styles and colors of Party Nets and Gauzes in white, cream, pink, shrimp blue, yellow, red and black. Tinsel Gauze, all silk, 48 inches, at 85c. Finer goods up to \$3.

FRENCH CHAL-LIES.

In this always popular fabric we are showing over twenty different styles. Patterns and colors as dainty and pretty and printing as perfect as any China silk. They are Koehlin's best quality. Price 50 cents.

DRESS TRIM-MINGS.

Braid Zouaves in black and gold. Emb. Tinsel Trimming. Black and Gold Gimps. Silk and Jet VanDykes, Bands, &c. Black and colored Silk Gimps, Fancy VanDykes, &c.

BLACK SILKS.

We have now all grades in stock. We still have the same make that we have sold for two years without one complaint. Every piece guaranteed. Prices all the way from 80c to \$2.75 per yard.

A. B. Robertson & Bro.

Main Street, Danville, Kentucky.

thing he asked for. Their engineer will be on the ground to-day to locate a depot and siding in the Mt. Vincent Addition to Pineville and the company will put on excursion rates from Louisville and local points for those who will attend the sale of lots on the 15th and 16th and run special trains from Pineville to the Addition during the sale as often as is needed. This is the first instance where excursion rates have been given from local points on this road to a public sale and the company will make the most of the privilege. The days of sale are being extensively advertised both by newspapers, posters and circulars and the company keeps Mr. George H. Bruce on the road attending to this. The prospect for the largest crowd that ever attended a lot sale in the mountains is very flattering.

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

A Georgia editor in announcing his marriage says: "We have taken this step for better or for worse; but it is a poor woman that can't support one editor."

—Cradlock, who keeps the run of all the marriages, says: "Will P. Givens, a prominent farmer of Lincoln, and Miss Amelia Irvine, a charming young lady of Perryville, will wed April 23d." If this is so, the young man has forfeited his promise to keep us posted in the matter.

—The Georgetown Times tells of the marriage of J. W. Middleton and Josephine Rice, of that city and the less romantic marriage at home of James Rice and Miss Amanda Middleton. These marriages produce quite a tangled relationship and the members of the families are puzzled to know what kin Rice's children will be to Middleton's. The mixture is as follows: Rice married a sister of Middleton, and Middleton married a daughter of Rice. This makes Middleton's own sister his mother-in-law, and Middleton's wife a sister-in-law to her own father. Mr. Middleton's father-in-law his brother-in-law, and Middleton's wife a sister-in-law to her step-mother, and Middleton's children's own aunt their step-grandmother and Middleton a step-brother-in-law to Rice's children.

—The soldiers at Harlan C.H. are sleeping on their arms, expecting an attempt to rescue Wils Jennings. The case of Hall had been given to the jury, but it had not reported at last accounts.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale—Brick Residence
In which I now live, west Main street, and the business block known as the Owseley Block, opposite Court Square, Stanford. J. B. OWSELEY

THE COMBINED STALLION,

Harrison Chief, Jr.,
Will make the season of 1890 at my stable at Stanford at \$10 the season or

\$12.50 to insure a Living Colt,
Sound and all right. Will not be allowed to sires that are not regular breeders. Money due when the colt comes, made sold or transferred. A lien will be held on all colts until paid for.

Description and Pedigree:—Harrison Chief, Jr. is a red sorrel, stands 15 hands 3 inches in height; 2 years old this spring; has big tail and mane. He is by Harrison Chief, he by Clark Chief, the sire of Lady Thorne 2½. His dam, Lute, the dam of Banker 2½. The dam of Harrison Chief, Jr. is by a son of Walton's Mambrino; he out of a mare by Alexander's Abdallah, 2d dam by Minevsky, he by Old Lexington; 3d dam by Shawhan's Tom Hill; he by Ball Stockings; 4th dam by Dora Crocker; 5th dam by Halcoran; 6th dam by Wells' Crusader.

Mr. W. H. Wilson of Cyrtiana, Ky., sold a combined gelding, a full brother of Harrison Chief, Jr., for \$1,200; also sold two others at \$1,100. Mr. Abe Renaker sold another combined gelding for \$500, so you can see the breed of this horse is more sought after than any other stallion, as they bring better prices than any other stallion.

THE KING!

This fine saddle stallion will make the present season at same place at \$15 the season or \$20 to insure a Living Colt.

The King is by Silver King; he by On Time; he by Stonewall Jackson; he by Washington Benmark; he by Gaines Denmark; he by the 4-mile race horse Denmark. 1st dam out of Maud by Doland's Granger; he by Jewell; he by Washington Denmark; Granger's 1st dam by Highlander; 2d dam by Oliver; 3d dam by Woodpecker.

The King's 3d dam the premium mare Elsie by Vannetter's Waxy, son of Berthine, who was a thoroughbred son of Alice Carneal, the dam of the noted race horse Lexington.

The King is a blood bay with one hind ankle white and supple face, good mane and tail, good bone and extra style and has never met his equal as a saddle. The King stands 15½ hands high.

In these pedigrees you will find royal breeding and in these stallions you will see individuals of rare beauty and as breeders second to none. Send your mares where they will be properly cared for. C. F. SANDIDGE.

THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL
J. B. OWENS, Manager,
Harrodsburg, - Kentucky.

SPRING CLOTHING.

Our Goods are Now All In
And We Have

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits, Light and Dark Colors, Sacks and Frocks; also large line of Pants.

STAGG & McROBERTS.


DRUGS and JEWELRY

Drugs, Books and Stationery, Paints, Oils and Window Glass, Wall Paper, Fine Cigars and Tobaccos, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

HAMPDEN WATCH,

The Best Railroad Watch.

Prompt Attention
given to Engrav-
ing and Repairing
of Watches, Clocks
and Jewelry.



Prescriptions Care
fully Compounded
at all hours, day
and night.

B. H. DANKS, Jeweler,
W. I. L. & N.

J. S. WELLS, Ph. G. Presc. Clk.

W. B. McROBERTS,

Main Street, Opp. Court-House, STANFORD, Ky.

10

Due. J. STEELE CARPENTER. 4.

CHAS. DUNN, Stanford, Ky.
